the South upon the condition of mind and the conduct of the men was, of course, very great. Of those feelings I witnessed a significant manifestation in a hotel at Savannah. At the public dinner table I sat opposite a lady in black, probably mourning. She was middle-aged, but still handsome, and of an agreeable expression of countenance. She seemed to be a lady of the higher order of society. A young lieutenant in Federal uniform took a seat by my side, a youth of fine features and gentlemanly appearance. The lady, as I happened to notice, darted a glance at him which, as it impressed me, indicated that the presence of the person in Federal uniform was highly obnoxious to her. She seemed to grow restless as if struggling with an excitement hard to restrain. To judge from the tone of her orders to the waiter she was evidently impatient to finish her dinner. When she reached for a dish of pickles standing on the table at a little distance from her, the lieutenant got up and with a polite bow took it and offered it to her. She withdrew her hand as if it had touched something loathsome, her eyes flashed fire and with a tone of wrathful scorn and indignation she said: " So you think a Southern woman will take a dish of pickles from a hand that is dripping with the blood of her countrymen?" Then she abruptly left the table while the poor lieutenant, apparently stunned by the unexpected rebuff, and blushing deeply, stammered some words of apology, assur-

ing the lady that he had meant no offense.

The mixing of a dish of pickles with so hot an outburst of Southern patriotism could hardly fail to evoke a smile. But the whole scene struck me as gravely pathetic, and as auguring ill for the speedy revival of a common national spirit. If this was tie general temper of the women of the South—which, as I found on my travels it substantially was, then we encountered here a hostile moral force of incalculable potency, which